

THE ADVERTISER.

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THE ILL WORD.

Our souls may be creators free. Yet what we make we cannot kill; The thing forgot yet dieth not. Once launched in being by our will.

The ill word said is never dead. What'er repentant thing we do; There are no tears of after years To make a wretched truth untrue.

With those beloved from life removed, The hasty word who shall erase? How'er we weep, 'tis fixed and deep, Unchanged as death's unchanging face.

Then let us feel how soon may steal That shadow of our some loved one's brow, And all bespeak, with spirit meek, As if the parting day were now.

And oh, at last, life's actions past, How sweet to feel, as we depart, No breath of ours hath chilled the flowers That blossomed in a single heart! —Youth's Computation.

TOUR OF THE WORLD

IN EIGHTY DAYS.

JULES VERNE'S GREAT STORY.

CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

The panoramic development of this island was superb. Immense forests of palm trees, arecas, bamboo, nutmeg trees, teak-wood, giant mimosa, and tree-like ferns covered the country in the foreground, and in the background there stood out in relief the graceful outline of the mountains. Along the shore there swarmed by thousands those precious swallows whose eatable nests form a dish much sought for in the Celestial empire. But all this varied spectacle offered to the eyes by the Andaman group passed quickly, and the Rangoon swiftly pursued her way towards the Straits of Malacca, which were to give her access to the Chinese seas.

During this trip what was detective Fix doing, so unluckily dragged into a voyage round the world? On leaving Calcutta, after having left instructions to forward the warrant to him at Hong Kong, if it should arrive, he succeeded in getting aboard the Rangoon without being perceived by Passepartout, and he hoped that he might conceal his presence until the arrival of the steamer. In fact, it would have been difficult for him to explain how he was on board, without awakening the suspicions of Passepartout, who thought he was in Bombay. But he was led to renew his acquaintance with the good fellow by the very logic of circumstances. How? We will see.

All the hopes, all the desires of the detective were now concentrated on a single point in the world. Hong Kong—the steamer would stop too short a time at Singapore for him to operate in that city. The arrest of the robber must then be made in Hong Kong, or he would escape irretrievably.

In fact, Hong Kong was still English soil, but the last he would find on the road. Beyond, China, Japan, America would offer a pretty certain refuge to Mr. Fogg. At Hong Kong, if he should finally find there the warrant of arrest, which was evidently running after him, Fix would arrest Fogg, and put him in the hands of the local police. No difficulty there. But after Hong Kong a simple order of arrest would not be sufficient. An extradition order would be necessary. Thence delays and obstacles of every kind, of which the rogue would take advantage to escape finally. If he failed at Hong Kong, it would be, if not impossible, at least very difficult to attempt it again with any degree of success.

"Then," repeated Fix, during the long hours that he passed in his cabin, "then, either the warrant will be at Hong Kong and I will arrest my man, or it will not be there, and this time I must, at all hazards, delay his departure! I have failed at Bombay, I have failed at Calcutta! If I miss at Hong Kong, I shall lose my reputation! Cost what it may, I must succeed. But what means shall I employ to delay, if it is necessary, the departure of this accursed Fogg?"

As a last resort, Fix had decided to tell everything to Passepartout, to let him know who the master was that he was serving, and whose accomplice he certainly was not. Passepartout, enlightened by this revelation, fearing to be compromised, would without doubt take sides with him, Fix. But it was a very hazardous means, which could only be employed in default of any other. One word from Passepartout to his master would have been sufficient to compromise the affair irrevocably.

The detective was then extremely embarrassed when the presence of Mrs. Aouda on board of the Rangoon, in company with Phileas Fogg, opened new perspectives to him.

Who was this woman? What combination of circumstances had made her Fogg's companion? The meeting had evidently taken place between Bombay and Calcutta. But at what point of the peninsula? Was it chance which had brought together Phileas Fogg and the young traveler? Had not this journey across India, on the contrary, been undertaken by this gentleman with the aim of joining this charming person? For she was charming! Fix had a good view of her in the audience hall of the Calcutta tribunal.

ognized all the advantage that he could get from this circumstance. Whether this young woman was married or not, there was an abduction, and it was possible to put the abductor in such embarrassment in Hong Kong that he could not extricate himself by paying money.

But it was not necessary to await the arrival of the Rangoon at Hong Kong. This Fogg had the detestable habit of jumping from one vessel into another, and before the affair was entered upon he might be far enough off.

The important thing was to warn the English authorities, and to signal the Rangoon before her arrival. Now, nothing would be easier to accomplish, as the steamer would put in at Singapore, which is connected with the Chinese coast by a telegraph line.

But, before acting, and to be more certain, Fix determined to question Passepartout. He knew it was not very difficult to start the young man talking, and he decided to throw off the incognito that he had maintained until that time. Now, there was no time to lose. It was October 31, and the next day the Rangoon would drop anchor at Singapore.

This very day, October 30, Fix, leaving his cabin, went upon deck, with the intention of meeting Passepartout first, with signs of the greatest surprise. Passepartout was walking in the forward part of the vessel, when the detective rushed toward him exclaiming: "Is this you on the Rangoon?"

"Monsieur Fix aboard!" replied Passepartout, very much surprised, recognizing his old acquaintance of the Mongolia.

"What! I left you at Bombay, and I meet you again on the route to Hong Kong! Are you making also the tour of the world?"

"No, no," replied Fix. "I expect to stop at Hong Kong, at least for a few days."

"Ah!" said Passepartout, who seemed astonished for a moment. "But why have I not seen you aboard since we left Calcutta?"

"Indeed, I was sick—a little seasickness—I remained lying down in my cabin—I did not get along as well in the Bay of Bengal as in the Indian Ocean. And your master, Phileas Fogg?"

"Is in perfect health, and as punctual as his diary! Not one day behind! Ah, Monsieur Fix, you do not know it, but we have a young lady with us also."

"A young lady?" replied the detective, who acted exactly as if he did not understand what his companion was saying.

But Passepartout soon gave him the thread of the whole story. He related the incident of the pagoda in Bombay, the purchase of the elephant at the cost of two thousand pounds, the suttee affair, the abduction of Aouda, the sentence of the Calcutta court and their freedom under bail. Fix, who knew the last portion of these incidents, seemed not to know any of them, and Passepartout gave himself up to the pleasure of telling his adventures to a hearer who showed so much interest.

"But," asked Fix, at the end of the story, "does your master intend to take this young woman to Europe?"

"Not at all, Monsieur Fix; not at all! We are simply going to put her in charge of one of her relatives, a rich merchant of Hong Kong."

"Nothing to be done there," said the detective to himself, concealing his disappointment. "Take a glass of gin, Mr. Passepartout."

"With pleasure, Monsieur Fix. It is the least that we should drink to our meeting aboard the Rangoon."

CHAPTER XVII.

IN WHICH ONE THING AND ANOTHER IS TALKED OF, CONCERNING THE TRIP FROM SINGAPORE TO HONG KONG.

After this day, Passepartout and the detective met frequently, but the latter maintained a very great reserve towards his companion, and he did not try to make him talk. Once or twice only he had a glimpse of Mr. Fogg, who was glad to remain in the grand saloon of the Rangoon, either keeping company with Mrs. Aouda, or playing at whist, according to his invariable habit.

As for Passepartout, he thought very seriously over the singular chance which had once more put Fix on his master's route. And in fact, it was a little surprising. This gentleman, very amiable and very complacent, certainly, whom they met first at Suez, who embarked upon the Mongolia, who landed at Bombay, where he said that he would stop, whom they met again on the Rangoon, en route for Hong Kong—in a word, following step by step the route marked out by Mr. Fogg—he was worth the trouble of being thought about. There was at least a singular coincidence in it all. What interest had Fix in it?

Passepartout was ready to bet his slippers—he had carefully preserved them—that Fix would leave Hong Kong at the same time as they, and probably on the same steamer.

If Passepartout had thought for a century, he would never have guessed the detective's mission. He would never have imagined that Phileas Fogg was being "followed," after the fashion of a robber, around the terrestrial globe. But as it is in human nature to give an explanation for everything, Passepartout, suddenly enlightened, interpreted in this way the permanent presence of Fix, and, indeed, his interpretation was very plausible. According to him Fix was, and could be, only a detective sent upon Mr. Fogg's tracks by his colleagues of the Reform Club, to prove that this tour around the world was accomplished regularly, according to the time agreed upon.

"That is plain! that is plain!" repeated the honest fellow to himself, quite proud of his clear-sightedness. "He is a spy whom these gentlemen have put upon our heels. This is undignified! To have Mr. Fogg, a man so

honorable and just tracked by a detective! Ah! gentlemen, of the Reform Club, that will cost you dearly!"

Passepartout, delighted with his discovery, resolved, however, to say nothing of it to his master, fearing that he would be justly wounded at this mistrust which his opponents showed. But he promised himself to banter Fix, as opportunity offered, with covert allusions, and without committing himself.

On Wednesday, October 30, in the afternoon, the Rangoon entered the Straits of Malacca, separating the peninsula of that name from Sumatra. At four o'clock the next morning, the Rangoon, having gained a half day on its time table, put in at Singapore, to take in a new supply of coal.

Phileas Fogg noted this gain in the proper column, and this time he landed, accompanying Mrs. Aouda, who had expressed a desire to walk about for a few hours.

Fix, to whom every act of Fogg seemed suspicious, followed him without letting himself be noticed. Passepartout, who was going to make his ordinary purchases, laughed in *pelle* seeing Fix's maneuver.

An elegant carriage, drawn by handsome horses, such as have been imported from New Holland, took Mrs. Aouda and Phileas Fogg into the midst of massive groups of palm trees, of brilliant foliage, and clove trees, the cloves of which are formed from the very bud of the half-opened flower. There pepper plants replaced the thorny hedges of European countries; sage trees, and large ferns with their superb branches, varied the aspect of this tropical region; and nutmeg trees with shining leaves impregnated the air with a penetrating odor. Bands of monkeys, lively and grinning, were not wanting in the woods, nor perhaps tigers in the jungles.

After having driven about the country for two hours, Mrs. Aouda and her companion, who looked a little without seeing anything, returned into the town, a vast collection of heavy, flat looking houses, surrounded by delightful gardens, in which grow mangoes, pineapples, and all the best fruit in the world.

At ten o'clock they returned to the steamer, having been followed, without suspecting it, by the detective, who had also gone to the expense of a carriage.

Passepartout was waiting for them on the deck of the Rangoon. The good fellow had bought a few dozens of mangoes, as large as ordinary apples—dark brown outside, brilliant red inside—and whose white pulp, melting in the mouth, gives the true gourmand an unexcelled enjoyment. Passepartout was only too happy to offer them to Mrs. Aouda, who thanked him very gracefully.

At eleven o'clock, the Rangoon, having obtained a full supply of coal, slipped from her moorings, and a few hours later the passengers lost sight of the high mountains of Malacca, whose forests shelter the most beautiful tigers in the world.

About thirteen hundred miles separate Singapore from the island of Hong Kong, a small English territory, detached from the Chinese coast. It was Phileas Fogg's interest to accomplish this in six days at the most, in order to take at Hong Kong the steamer leaving on the 6th of November for Yokohama, one of the principal ports of Japan.

The Rangoon was heavily laden. Many passengers had come aboard at Singapore—Hindoos, Ceylonese, Chinamen, Malays and Portuguese—mostly second class.

The weather, which had been quite fine until this time, changed with the last quarter of the moon. The sea was high. The wind sometimes blew a gale, but fortunately from the southeast, which favored the movement of the steamer. When it was practicable the Captain had the sails unfurled. The Rangoon, brig-rigged, sailed frequently with its two topsails and foresail, and its speed increased under the double impetus of steam and sail. The vessel thus made her way over a short and sometimes fatiguing sea, along the shores of Anam and Cochinchina.

But the passengers would have to blame the Rangoon rather than the ocean for their sickness and fatigue.

In fact, the ships of the Peninsular Company, in the China service, are seriously defective in their construction. The proportion of their draught, when loaded, to their depth of hold, has been badly calculated, and consequently they stand the sea but poorly. Great precautions had to be taken in bad weather. It was sometimes necessary to sail under a small head of steam. This loss of time did not seem to affect Phileas Fogg at all, but Passepartout was much put out about it. He blamed the Captain, the engineer and the company, and sent to old Nick all those who had anything to do with the transportation of the passengers. Perhaps, also, the thought of the gas burner still burning at his expense in the house in Seville Row had a large share in his impatience.

"Are you in a very great hurry to arrive at Hong Kong?" the detective asked him one day.

"In a very great hurry?" replied Passepartout.

"You think that Mr. Fogg is in a hurry to take the Yokohama steamer?"

"In a dreadful hurry."

"Then you believe now in this singular voyage around the world?"

"Absolutely. And you, Monsieur Fix?"

"I? I don't believe in it."

"You're a sly fellow," replied Passepartout, winking at him.

pose? He did not know what to think. But how had Passepartout been able to discover his capacity as a detective, the secret of which he alone knew. And yet in speaking this to him Passepartout certainly had an after-thought.

It happened another day that the good fellow went further. It was too much for him; he could no longer hold his tongue.

"Let us see, Monsieur Fix," he asked his companion in a roguish tone, "when we have arrived at Hong Kong, shall we be so unfortunate as to leave you there?"

"Oh!" replied Fix, quite embarrassed, "I do not know! Perhaps—"

"Ah!" said Passepartout, "if you accompany us, I would be so happy! Let us see! An agent of the Peninsular Company could not stop on the route! You were only going to Bombay, and now you will soon be in China. America is not far off, and from America to Europe it is only a step!"

Fix looked attentively at his companion, who showed the pleasantest face in the world, and he decided to laugh with him. But the latter who was in the humor, asked him if his business brought him in much?

"Yes and no," replied Fix without frowning. "There are fortunate and unfortunate business enterprises. But you understand of course, that I don't travel at my own expense!"

"Oh! I am very sure of that," replied Passepartout, laughing still louder.

The conversation finished, Fix returned to his cabin, and sat down to think. He was evidently suspected. In one way or another the Frenchman had recognized his capacity as a detective. But had he warned his master? What role would he play in all this? Was he an accomplice or not? Had they got wind of the matter, and was it consequently all up? The detective passed some perplexing hours there, at one time believing everything lost; at one time hoping that Fogg was ignorant of the situation, and, finally, not knowing what course to pursue.

Meanwhile his brain became calmer, and he resolved to act frankly with Passepartout. If matters were not in the proper shape to arrest Fogg at Hong Kong, and if Fogg was then prepared to leave finally the English territory, he (Fix) would tell Passepartout everything. Either the servant was the accomplice of his master, and the latter knew everything, and in this case the affair was definitely compromised, or the servant had no part in the robbery, and then his interest would be to abandon the robber.

Such was the respective situations of these two men, and above them Phileas Fogg was hovering in his majestic indifference. He was accomplishing rationally his orbit around the world, without being troubled by the asteroids gravitating around him.

And yet, in the vicinity, there was—according to the expression of astronomers—a disturbing star which ought to have produced a certain agitation in this gentleman's heart. But no! The charm of Mrs. Aouda did not act, to the great surprise of Passepartout, and the disturbances, if they existed, would have been more difficult to calculate than those of Uranus, which led to the discovery of Neptune.

Yes! it was a surprise every day for Passepartout, who read in the eyes of the young woman so much gratitude to his master! Phileas Fogg had decidedly heart enough for heroic actions, but for love, none at all. As for the thoughts which the chances of the journey might have produced in him, there was not a trace. But Passepartout was living in a continued trance. One day, leaning on the railing of the engine-room, he was looking at the powerful engine which sometimes moved very violently, when, with the pitching of the vessel, the screw would fly out of the water. The steam then escaped from the valves, which provoked the anger of the worthy fellow.

"These valves are not charged enough!" he cried. "We are not going! Oh, these Englishmen! If we were only in an American vessel, we would blow up, perhaps, but we would go more swiftly!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN WHICH PHILEAS FOGG, PASSEPARTOUT AND FIX, EACH GOES ABOUT HIS OWN BUSINESS.

During the last few days of the voyage the weather was pretty bad. The wind became very boisterous. Remaining in the northwest quarter, it impeded the progress of the steamer. The Rangoon, too unsteady already, rolled heavily, and the passengers quite lost their temper over the long, tiresome waves which the wind raised at a distance.

During the days of the 3d and 4th of November it was a sort of tempest. The squall struck the sea with violence. The Rangoon had to go slowly for a half a day, keeping herself in motion with only ten revolutions of the screw, so as to lean with the waves.

The rapidity of the steamer, it may be imagined, was very much diminished, and it was estimated that she would arrive at Hong Kong twenty hours behind time, and perhaps more, if the tempest did not cease.

Phileas Fogg looked intently at this spectacle of a raging sea, which seemed to struggle directly against him, with his customary impassibility. His brow did not darken an instant, and yet a delay of twenty hours might seriously interfere with his voyage by making him miss the departure of the Yokohama steamer. But this man without nerves felt neither impatience nor annoyance. It seemed truly as if this tempest formed a part of his programme, and was foreseen. Mrs. Aouda, who talked with her companion about this mishap, found him as calm as in the past.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

John Chinaman at School.

A school for the Chinese has been established in Philadelphia, and the Times of that city tells how John Chinaman is improving the shining hour:

Mr. So is forty years of age, and although he has lived in America five years he hasn't even mastered the simple beauties of "pidgin" English. He is the dot of the school, but that fact doesn't seem to disturb him a particle, and the look of pleased astonishment his face wore yesterday when he was told for the twentieth time that "A" is the first letter of the alphabet would have driven any but a Christian teacher to distraction.

A LESSON IN SPELLING.

"H-e-n," said the teacher, as he wrote those letters on the blackboard, and received an approving smile from Mr. So.

"What does that spell?" continued the instructor.

The pupil smiled, scratched his left side and reflected.

"That is hen—a chicken," said the teacher.

"Me sabe hen," replied Mr. So, as coolly as though the information was not by any means new.

"Well, write it," said the teacher, thrusting a piece of chalk into the Mongolian's right hand. The idea of asking him to write struck the other seekers after knowledge as extremely funny, and Sam Hing, King Gee, Moi Kee and Chang Lung giggled like overgrown schoolboys. The slow pupil smiled, eyed the writing on the blackboard critically, grasped his crayon firmly, and, to the astonishment of the Caucasians in the room, executed an almost perfect imitation of the teachers' chirography of the word hen.

"Read it," said the teacher.

"Chlicken," was the nonchalant response of the pupil, as he moved toward his seat.

"Not chicken, hen," said the instructor in correction.

"Alle same hen, alle same chicken," replied Mr. So, philosophically, as he dropped into his seat and fanned his fevered brow with his primer.

CELESTIAL PHILOSOPHY.

A lady and gentleman were the only teachers in this school yesterday. The lady devoted herself to Ah How, while John Lung looked on and yawned at regular intervals as though he was dreadfully bored. Ah How, however, appeared to take great interest in his studies. The male teacher spent the greater part of the school hour in instructing Quong Wha and Ah Loon, the latter being much the brighter student. "The fox has a hen," said the teacher, reading from the primer. "The fox has a hen," returned the pupils, spelling out the words.

"This is the picture," said the tutor, pointing to an engraving.

"Me sabe flox, me sabe hen," replied Ah Loon, eyeing the picture.

"What flox got him hen?" inquired Quong, examining the woodcut.

"He wants to eat it," answered the teacher.

"Belly good flox," was the sententious criticism of Quong, as he looked gravely at the teacher, who was evidently unprepared for any such philosophical utterance and consequently did not attempt to reply to it.

About this time the attention of nearly every one in the room was attracted by the suppressed laughter of Moi Kee and King Gee, who were enjoying the fluttering of a paper butterfly, manufactured and set aloft by Sam Hing. The artificial insect was captured and the course of study went on. The teachers hear the lessons of each pupil separately, and so long as they are under the eyes of the preceptors the pupils are as meek and studious as any one could wish, but their other moments are not spent in study—that is, to any great extent. The teachers, however, are loud in their praises of the scholars and say they learn with remarkable rapidity.

Good For Flies.

"Say, do you know what's good for flies?" queried a Woodward avenue butcher as he entered a drug store the other day.

"I guess I can put you up something for about a quarter," was the reply.

When the dose was ready the butcher was told to pour it out on plates and set them on the counter, and he hurried away to give it a trial. In about an hour he sent for the druggist to come over. The 10,000 flies in the shop before the dose was fixed had been multiplied by four.

"Great lands! but I'm being carried off by flies!" exclaimed the butcher, as he waved a long knife around his head.

"Well, why don't you get something to kill 'em off?"

"Didn't I, but it hasn't killed a one."

"Of course it hasn't. You wanted something good for flies and I gave you clarified sirup! It's the best stuff to draw flies and keep 'em contented I ever heard of. Why didn't you tell me you wanted a fly-killer?"—Detroit Free Press.

—Bob Humphreys, of St. Louis, is a peculiar rope manufacturer. He makes nothing but nooses for hangmen. Orders are sent to him by Sheriffs all over the Western and Southern States. He twists the rope very carefully of the best hemp, and tests its strength by letting two horses pull at it. The noose, with its intricate hangman's knot, is made smooth with soap and pliable with oil. The price is \$6 apiece.

—Next to money I think a man can get more out of the world with politeness than anything else.—Josh Billings.